

A Song Set by M^r. John Eccles

Ye gentle, gentle, gen - tle gales that fa - n the

Air, and wa - nton in the Flow'ry grove, and wa - nton in the Flow'ry

grove, and wa - nton in the Flow'ry grove; O - h! O - h! Oh! whisper to my

absent Fair, my secret pain my secret pain my endless, e - ndless Love; Oh!

Oh! whisper to my a - bsent Fair, my secret pain my endless, e - ndless

Love; my secret pain, my secret pain my endless, en - - - dless Love:

At the Breezy close of day, when She seeks some

cool retreat; throw Spicy Odours in her way, and scatter Roses at her Feet:

When She sees their Colours fade, and all their Pride neglected ly'e, let it instruct the

lovely Maid, that Sweets not gather'd timely dy - e, that sweets not

99.

gather'd timely daye! when she lays her down to rest, let Auspicious Visions
 show; who 'tis that Loves, who 'tis that Loves, who 'tis that Loves Cammilla
 best, and what, what for her, what, what for her, for her, what for her I
 undergo; and what, what for her, what, what for her, for her, what for her I under-
 go; and what for her I undergo

For the Flute .